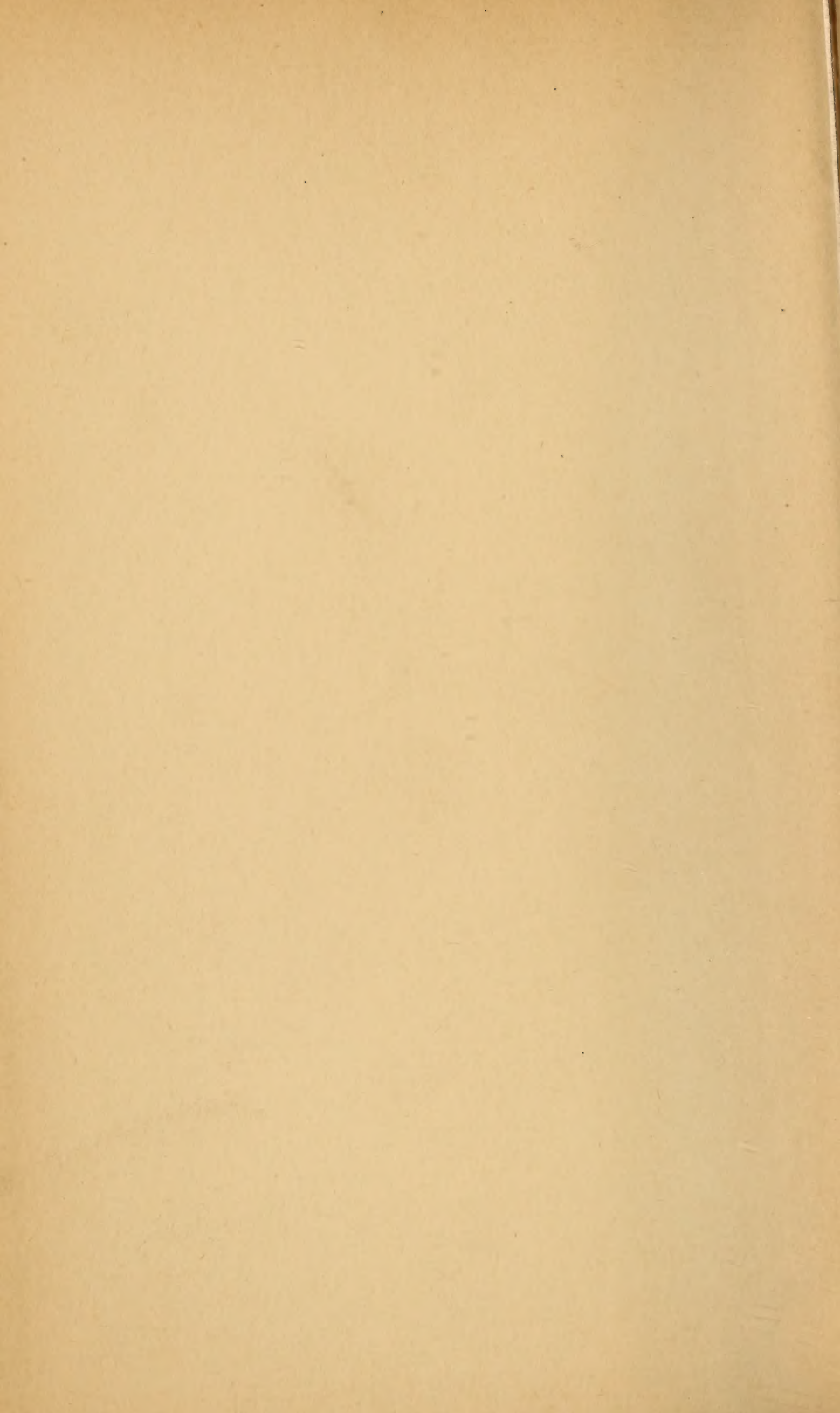


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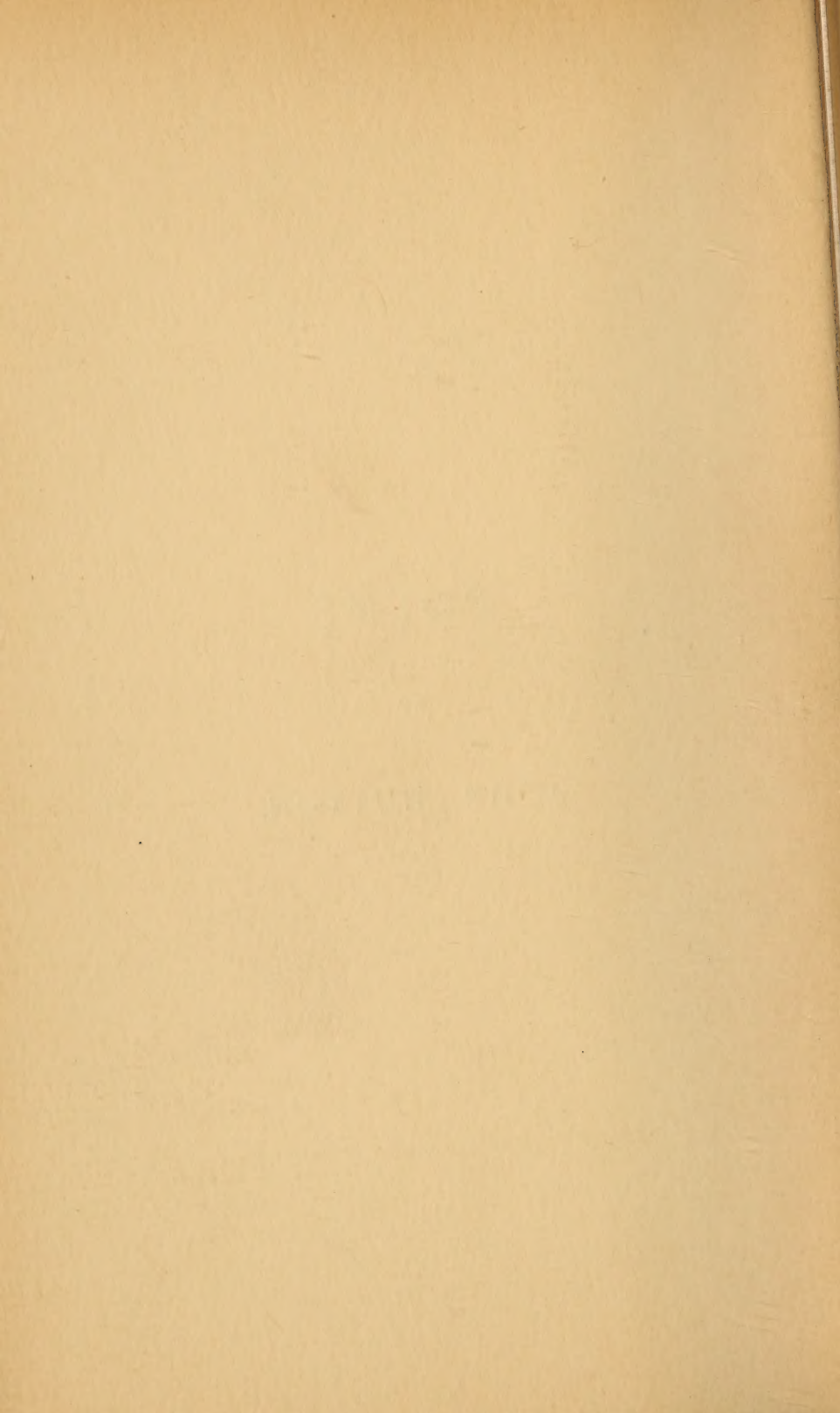
Joseph & Clara
with Lucy, love
Christmas 1895 -

M. H.

POEMS

BY

JOHN HUTTON.



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POEMS

BY

JOHN HUTTON

DEDICATED TO HIS CHILDREN

In Loving Memory of their Father

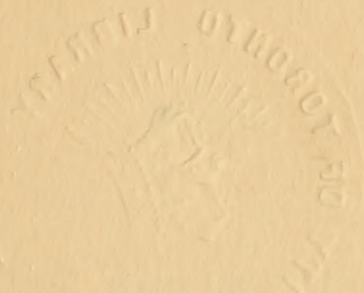
BY

HIS WIFE



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A SPRING DAY.

A GAIN hard winter hides his cruel hand,
Rebuked and tamed before the gentle
spring—

Again she travels through the wounded land,
Restoring nature with her healing wing.

The mountains, weary with their wintry strife,
Lashed by its storms and pinched with bitter
wind,

Warmed by her genial breath, renew their life,
And round their forms her beauteous herbage
bind.

The hurrying sea that, all the winter long,
Foaming and fretting, chafed the patient shore,
Now ripples murmuring echoes to her song,
Or breathless lies to listen yet the more.

The loosened streams leap wildly on their course,
Their sparkling waves enriched with winter's
snow,
Babbling of all the wonders of their source,
Or whispering mountain mysteries that they
know.

And herds that winter penned in narrow fold,
Now idly saunter down the sunny lane,
Or let the pleasant hours run on, untold,
Convened, in lazy council, on the plain.

Sweetest of all, the woods—there songs resound,
The swelling buds their brightest colours bring,
There earth has strewn her fairest flowers around,
Choicest of all her offerings to the spring.

LLANHAIARN, 1854.

MAY NORTH-EASTERS.

HOW summer-like the swallows look,
 Skimming the golden leas,
The oxen, standing in the brook,
 The hum of passing bees.

How summer-like the cloud of gnats
 That dances in my path,
The splash of stealthy water rats
 Taking their summer bath.

And summer-like the long deep grass
 And shining golden glades ;
And, when the merry breezes pass,
 The young corn's silky blades.

But cold North-Easters laugh at me
 And say, "Not yet, my friend,
The summer is not yet to be—
 Scarce yet the winter's end."

And I rejoice to think the year
Has not grown quite so old ;
For this bright thought I gladly bear
The North wind's breezy cold.

No hawthorn bloom from tiny cups
Has poured its fragrance round ;
The petals of no buttercups
Have fallen to the ground.

The cuckoo's cheery call still swells
Across the quiet vale ;
The corncrake's monotone still tells
All night its plaintive tale.

I know the pomp of royal June
Comes next to lovely May,
But, oh ! the loss when spring has gone,
For twelve long months, away !

The groves will soon all silent be,
The cuckoo 'gin to mourn,
The noisy rooks, on many a tree,
Their loud debate adjourn.

The calves their awkward gambols cease,
The lambs grow quite sedate ;
To keep these joys I bear with ease
The spring's North-Easters late.

Then let the spring's transparent green
Veil, still, the trees around—
The tracery of their boughs be seen
In shadow on the ground.

And let the mower's scythe delay
Glad harvest's welcome sight,
Still let the cuckoo cheer the day,
The corncrake lull the night.

LITLINGTON, 1888.

JUNE.

C HILDLIKE gladness comes with June,
Comes with grass and flowers,
Spreading leaves and birds in tune,
Bright morns, long twilight hours.

Showers upon the dusty road, —
Subtle scent of summer—
Chestnut shadows, deep and broad,
For every toil-worn comer.

Affluent lilacs that perfume
The gardens, and adorn them ;
Snowy, lingering hawthorn bloom ;
Gold of the laburnum.

Hedgerow weeds and grasses rank,
Hemlock, lords and ladies ;
Stellaria, starring all the bank,
Pools where pink milk-maid is.

Speedwell—summer sea as blue
By summer breezes furrowed—
Forget-me-nots, whose paler hue
From summer sky is borrowed.

And meadow-sweet, of all sweet smells
The one the townsmen love ;
And with their spikes of hanging bells
The ranks of the foxglove.

Then, as June is ripening fast,
The wild rose crowns its glory,
And, with the woodbine, ends at last
The field-flowers' yearly story.

Summer days steal half the nights ;
Night scarce yields to morning ;
Golden twilight faintly lights
The hours, till crimson dawning.

Oh, gentle air of summer night !
Oh, stillness of sweet nature !
Oh, dim, mysterious, softened light,
With rest for every creature.

* * * * *

The longest day must come, must pass ;
The mower's arm is straining ;
Before it falls the rippling grass—
Once more the year is waning.

The buttercup and sorrel red,
That mimic autumn glory,
In sweet, long swaths lie brown and dead—
All told, their bright, brief story.

The corncrake's song no longer yields
All day its quaint, strange pleasure,
No more its notes from grassy fields
The deep night-silence measure.

Alas, our spring and summer joy
With sadness mingles ever,
Our joy comes back with keen alloy,
So many loved come never.

NEW FOREST, 1877.

WINTER AND SPRING.

UNDER the hedge-row elms I stood,
High on the Sussex downs,
On one of those evenings when surly winter
Smooths out his rugged frowns,
And soothes us with semblance of gentle spring,
And promises soft and fair ;
And twilight, silent and solemn and grey,
Is sweet with balmy air.

Below lay a valley, level and broad,
Where the river wound its way,
And many a gleaming silver stream
Seemed to mimic the river in play.

And beyond them the farther downs rose steep,
Like cliffs from the shores of the sea,
All grooved with the deep and wooded denes
Where the farms and villages be.

I stood there in silence, and filled my soul
With the peace of a scene so fair,
Unconscious that any sound at all
Was stirring the fragrant air ;
Till my ear caught the harmony of the notes
That to sadness and joy belong,
The sigh of the wind in the high tree tops
And the thrush's rapturous song.

And I felt anew that the early spring,
More than all the year beside,
Is the time that stirs to its depths the heart
Where sorrow and joy abide ;

For the meeting of winter and spring is the meeting
Of darkness with morning bright,
Of pain and sorrow and loss and fear
With hope and joy and light.

And the sigh of the wind seems the sad farewell
Of a friend who has shared our sorrow,
And the thrush's song, a child's good-night
On the eve of a festal morrow.
But there is no discord where grief and joy
Are welcomed as from the Lord,
And the winter wind and the thrush's song
Alike fulfil His word.

ALFRISTON, 1887.

AUTUMN IN THE NEW FOREST.

THE year has been so sad,
 Rain, and cold wind,
 And little sun to make us warm and glad,
 Yet is God kind.

The year, indeed, grows duller,
 Yet here, to-day,
 'Neath this leafy arch of autumn colour,
 We lingering stay.

The clustered haws gleam red,
 Birds on the wing,
 For whom the crimson winter feast is spread,
 Alight and sing.

And splendid leaves that match
 The glowing fruit,
 Such glory from the October sunset catch
 That we stand mute

Before the power of love
 Of the good God,
 Whose beauties draw our happy eyes above,
 From the wet sod.

1879.

NOVEMBER.

SILENT November, thy deep boding gloom
Weighs on the aching sense with heavy
hand ;

All hopes of good, how far away they stand,
How near the finger beck'ning to the tomb.
Vain seems the wish for happiness to come,
And, closely hovering, every form of ill,
To menace the already feeble will
With fears of dark and not far distant doom.
The memories of youth no list'ner find
For tales of rapture once, they say, were ours ;
And thoughts of summer's warmth and fragrant
showers
Come, like strange dreams, across the enshadowed
mind.
So distant and so dim the light appears,
We ask but patience till the dull cloud clears.

BRYN RHEDYN, 1853.

THE BEAUTY OF WINTER.

O UR home in the midst of the Alps might be,
And not on a Welsh hillside,
And thousands of feet above the sea—
Not close to its rippling tide ;

For the silent night, with a deep, deep snow,
Has covered the mountains and dell,
And a cold, clear air, where a breath doesn't blow,
Has left the snow where it fell.

The fallow fields, and the littered yard,
And the holes where they dig the peat,
And all that the beautiful landscape marred
Lie deep 'neath the snowy sheet ;

And every rough corner is softly lined,
And some grace and some beauty wins,
For the snow covers gently, like Charity kind,
A multitude great of sins.

The pine-trees that cover the mountain sides
And meet in the glen below,
Stand moveless, until a breath decides
They must let their burden go ;

As if pleased with the gift that the night has
brought,
Each holds it tenderly still,
And jealously, lest a flake be caught
If a breeze should pass from the hill.

The sun, from behind the mountains, strews
Their unwonted smooth, white peaks
With exquisite, dreamy, opal hues
And dazzling silver streaks ;

And, high above all, the deep blue sky—
We gaze in a dream of bliss !
Oh ! who would ask winter to pass them by
If its days could be all like this ?

PLAS EIFL CLYNNOG, CARNARVONSHIRE, 1866.

A WALK ON A WINTRY NIGHT.

LIGHT *within* no night can darken ;
Vain its gloom for those who hearken
To the thoughts that happy feeling
Sends, in long procession stealing
Through the mind, like children shyly
Creeping in and out so slyly,
Scarcely noted in their playing
While our thoughts far off are straying,
Yet at whose low, merry voices,
Unaware, our heart rejoices.

So, if burdens sore be lifted,
Though the cause be never sifted,
Yet the heart is gay and lightsome,
And the lips and eyes are brightsome.

Night nor winter can depress us,
Rain nor bitter wind distress us,
Through the darkness on we wander,
Only happy thoughts we ponder.

Steepest hills no longer tire,
Fog and mist no chill inspire.
Cold's discomforts do not daunt us,
Shapes or darkness cannot haunt us ;
From the radiance of the *spirit*
No mischance can disinherit.
Lions crowd the path of care
That hie away when joy comes near.

BEAUMARIS, 1864.

THREE SONNETS TO WHARFEDALE,
YORKSHIRE.

I.

BELOW me lay a vale of beauty rare,
A deep wide vale, with river broad and
swift ;

Winding through pastures rich with peasants' care,
And scattered thick with trees that time had
lift.

Grand hills enclose the deep luxurious vale,
Sloping up gently to a noble height,
Clothed with dark woods—the scene of many a
tale,—

And soft green lawns, all cheerful in the light.
Upraised above them all the mountains stand,
And shelter from strange gaze the lovely scene,
And, hiding these rude guardians of the land,
The purple moors, with huge grey rocks between ;

Full in the midst—dearer than all beside—
Stands beloved Ilkley by Wharfe's flowing tide.

BEN RYDDING, 1852.

II.

“Dearer than all beside!” yes, years ago,
Ere death's sad mien our happy childhood knew,
Each summer brought us to the dale below,
A careless, joyous, merry little crew.
There first we learnt to climb the mountain side,
And trace each brawling streamlet to its head;
There, year by year, our hearts within us died,
At those cold wells, so deep, and dark, and dread.
High on the hills, beneath that group of trees,
Our childish lessons 'twas a joy to say;
Or, near the lake, just ruffled by the breeze,
From rock to rock to climb the livelong day,
Or, not afraid the treacherous bogs to face,
Plunge after moor-fowls' eggs in gallant chase.

III.

But, oh ! far greater than all this delight,
Neatly apparelled by a mother's care,
To watch on each successive Monday night
For the old coach that brought our father there.
I know now how he felt—his labours o'er,—
His holy Sabbath aid once more supplied,
When standing grouped about yon cottage door,
Again his own beloved ones he descried.
And at the evening meal, while news was told,
What joy to hear again his well-known laugh,
And then across the bridge so quaint and old,
To wander by the shady banks of Wharfe,
Till the soft moonlight on the water shed,
Told us of coming night, and warned to bed.

TWO SONNETS TO DEEPPDALE.

I.

TURN from the south, from Kingdale's lovely
glen,

Shut in by rocky crags and moorland wide,
That stretches up broad Whernside's rugged
side—

Turn, and behold, far down beneath your ken,
A paradise, as if by magic wrought,

A vale of winning loveliness so rare

That weary travellers forget their care.

Cleaving the vale, a river, tired with sport,
Glides silently and gently to the sea,

Sweeping around deep pastures, and 'neath trees

Massive with shade, and waiting for the breeze,

And cottage homes from noisy turmoil free.

No storms can loose their wild impetuous wills

Within the loving shelter of these hills.

1862.

II.*

I turn from the sweet south—which memories past
Make desolate and sad to think of now—
All unexpectant to the bleaker north ;
And, lo ! where 'mong the hills his lot is cast,
More lovely than green vale or river's flow,
Or homes that from the sheltering trees peep forth,
A friend I find, a minister of God,
Who hath in his dear Master's footsteps trod,
True servant of his Lord. As to the shade
 To him life's worn and weary traveller flies,
 Like the deep vale, too, lifteth he his eyes
To the eternal hills, whence comes our aid.
Full of God's peace, and with his presence bright,
Though standing in religion's tempered light.

1862.

* In Memoriam, Rev. Thomas Leach, Vicar of Thornton Church,
Style, Thornton-in-Lonsdale.

TO A BLACKBIRD ON THE SHORES OF
 LLYN PERIS, NORTH WALES.

WAKE again the sweet echoes and break
 the dull eve

Of the cold April sunset with clear lively
 song,

Like a friend's sudden voice, when we sadly
 believe

He is far, far away to be waited for long.

So startled, so cheered me thy loud merry note

From the slender tree top on the steep mountain
 height,

And the thoughts that to sadness I fain would
 devote,

As I wander alone, at thy music took flight.

Each grim beetling crag and each sharp rugged
peak

That has felt the warm sun pierce the deep
shrouding gloom,

Might teach us fresh faith when our spirit grows
weak ;

But their age-treasured wisdom is still as the
tomb.

To thee, who but singest thy first song this year,

It is left to remind us how many sweet things
Are ever renewed by the Father, to cheer
E'en the bitterest sorrows humanity brings.

In the dull April evening the eye looks with awe
On the mountains that tower cold and stern to
the skies ;

Nor, looking beneath to the still lake, can draw
Any bright thoughts to help the faint spirit to
rise.

Grey clouds are above me, grey waters below,
 Grey mountains rise sheer from the lake to the
 cloud,
And cold, chilly winds from the icy lands blow,
 But thy song comes upon them, sweet, merry,
 and loud.

God be praised who thus visits our hearts, sad and
 worn,
 With sounds that so soothe, aye, and gladden,
 our way,
That are full of dim joys from the purest springs
 drawn—
Religion all peaceful and childhood all gay.

LLANBERIS, 1864.

MOORLAND ROCKS.

WHEN first to waste the moorland side
The wintry winds rush by,
Lay down, ye flowers, your simple pride—
'Tis fit that you should die.

And bend your pliant heads, ye trees,
Shake down your leafy rain,
And yield ye to the wintry breeze—
Your combat would be vain.

But bare your breasts, ye old grey rocks,
And break its angry force,
Stand fast against its fiercest shocks,
And stem its headlong course.

The flowers their place no more shall know,
The trees, erelong, shall die ;
But countless ages come and go
And pass the grey rocks by.

Deep-reft and scarred and weathered o'er
By Time's unsparing hand,
They still stand up in mighty power,
And guard the storm-swept land.

And when the winds breathe soft once more,
And springtime onward glides,
The plants creep round their summits hoar
And climb their rugged sides.

The cistus brings its golden flowers,
The purple thyme perfume,
And ferns transform to fairy bowers
The clefts so late their tomb.

And lichens and the modest moss,
Where flowers are never seen,
With silver grey the rocks emboss
Bright gold and velvet green.

Blow, summer winds, with all your power,
Or spread your misty veil,
Ye but shake out each dancing flower
To fresh perfume the gale.

And when, grey rocks, the wintry wind
Returns and robs your grace,
Stand fast—erelong the spring shall find
New beauties in their place.

INGLETON, YORKSHIRE, 1863.

MOUNTAINS.

NOT on the plains, where tedious highways lie
And blind the pilgrim with their dust and
glare ;

Not of the forest, where the imprisoned eye
Seeks vainly for the blue and cheerful air ;
Not of the sea, whose fathomless abyss
And boundless surface cloud the timid mind,
But of the hills I sing—a world of bliss,
Nearer to God, nor too far from our kind.

No plough profanes the virgin mountain soil,
No peasant mourns the failure of his care,
No harvest days bring noisy crowds to spoil
The beauty of the slopes, and leave them bare.
No fallows and no stubbles come between
The alternate beauty of the waving corn ;
There is no fear, as in the forest green,
Lest woodman's axe shall leave the place forlorn.

Up where the mountain stream first gathers force,
And gurgles with the well-remembered sound
So loved in childhood—when we traced its course
Hidden 'neath rush and heather in the ground—
Come when we will we find the old grey rocks,
The close-cropped turf, the sparkling merry
streams ;
No change the old and dear remembrance shocks ;
We wake to higher life from restless dreams.

On the tilled plains poor ruffled nature broods
In gloomy patience ; here, alone with God,
Or with His children in their holier moods,
She seems to lose her kindred with the sod.
The silence round us wakens many a hope,
Lulls many a fear the world below had given,
And leaning back upon the velvet slope,
We lift our eyes and raise our thoughts to
Heaven.

ON GYRN GOCH, CARNARVONSHIRE, 1865.

THE FOREST TREE.

THE mountain-tops are high and free ;
Deep, cool and bright the silver sea ;
Calm floats on hill-encircled lakes ;
And beauty hides in fairy brakes ;
Fresh fragrance roams the purple moor ;
Might thunders in the torrent's roar ;
But first of nature's charms give me—
Oh, foremost far—the forest tree !

What song can soothe away our care
Like rustling leaves in summer air ?
What half so boisterously gay
As branches and a breeze at play ?
What brightness like the dancing bower
Coquetting with the sun and shower ?
What grace like that in forest aisle
Of giant shafts and leafy pile ?

What calm more perfect than pervades
Its deep impenetrable shades ?
What colours like the gorgeous gloom
Of autumn trees that wait their doom ?
What brilliance like the network rare
Of lacing twigs in winter bare,
When freighted with the frozen rime,
And sparkling in the morning time ?

In grace and beauty surely we
May say naught else is like a tree ;
In brightness, movement, or in calm
The spreading tree bears still the palm ;
All nature's works are rich and fair,
But beauties far beyond compare,
In summer, autumn, winter, spring,
For ever new, the tree can bring.

BEAUMARIS, 1865.

SONNET TO SHERWOOD FOREST.

SINCE last, midst Sherwood's ancient oaks, I
trod

These glades, eight years of shine and storm
have passed

And left their traces—boughs—aye trees—are
cast

Headlong, and lie embedded in the sod ;

Or by the great Magician's lightning rod

Great trunks are rent, and yet, unmoved, stand ;

Or they decay 'neath Time's remorseless hand

And mingle, all unnoticed, with the clod.

But not destruction, ruin, and decay

Are all I see. The saplings of that year

Are strong young trees—and everywhere appear

The infant oaks of some far distant day.

Would that the evil tenants of my heart

Would die like trees ; and pure resolves, like
seedling oaks, upstart.

1884.

D

HAWARDEN PARK.

'Twas early August—thunder, rain had refreshed the earth, the sun was bright, but a southern breeze gave life and spirit to nature and to us: we sat under the shade of the ivy-laden walls of the old keep, amidst a wealth of flowery weeds, briars, and rich grasses: the hill descended steeply to a lovely glade stretching away in deep undulations to Gladstone's castle home. The men were keeping time with their scythes, and the glade had become a lovely velvet lawn, over which innumerable swallows skimmed in incessant flight. Chosen trees of great height and exquisite shape shut in this silent sunny glade, and sent their great shadows from south to north, lying in patches of inviting shade. Silent, but for the swish of the scythe, the summer twitter of the birds, and an occasional chatter from the jackdaws in the ancient keep. At the end of this vista of heavenly peacefulness and beauty was a glimpse of Hawarden Castle, its feet standing in beds of brightest flowers, as if set in brilliant gems; its towers, backed by the waters of the broad channel of the Dee. There we sat for hours—and the swish of those scythes, the whetting of them, and the scent of the newly-mown grass, will in future years bring that scene before us, and make us thank God that Gladstone has so sweet, and well deserved, a resting-place.—J. H., 1885.]

“**D**OOMED by the master's word,” the
woodman said,—

And pointed to a maimed yet giant tree,

Full still of vigorous life and fair to see,

And casting broad thick shade above our head,—

"To fall by his own axe." He shook his head
And strode on up the hill. Why "doomed," I
thought,
Why use a word with gloom and sadness fraught?

AT KILVE.

NOT "Kilve by the green sea," dear Wordsworth, here

Thy memory is green, but *not* the sea ;

The Channel, too much ploughed must ever be
By the great ships, to leave these waters clear :

The shores are not far off, and Wye, so dear

To dwellers in old Wales—and classic Avon

From the rich Midlands—and the lordly Severn,
With tribute gathered from hills far and near,

Sweep the dark earth from many a mossy bed

And deep morass, steep fell, and mountain side,

Into the busy Channel's turbid tide,

And the rough waves that break on Kilve are *red*.

From the green hills of Quantock wistfully

I look, but look in vain, for "the *green* sea."

ALFOXDEN, 1881.

SUSSEX OXEN.

UP the long slope, and o'er the rounded brow
Of the high Sussex Downs, the oxen
tread ;

Yoked two, and two, and two ; and lightly led
By a young child, who gently turns them now,
And, with slow measured step, their heads they
bow

To breast the slope again ; and so for hours,
That lengthen into days, they lend their powers—
Patient and meek—to draw the heavy plough.
And when the stall—so well deserved—is won,
And gone the galling yoke, they hold their heads
Erect ; and happy eyes, between their horns
Of mighty span, look out—their work is done.
Resting their huge frames on their amber beds,
Their quiet grandeur the low shed adorns.

SONNETS ON LOCHGOIL.

I.

I SAT between a thorn tree on the shore
Of grand Lochgoil, the grey rocks were my
seat ;

The golden seaweed was a setting meet
For the blue loch that stretched away before,
And on its bosom myriad wavelets bore,
That, like young children from their school set
free,

Hasten to reach their mother's loving knee,
With rippling laughter from their hearts' full store
And merry sparkling eyes and conscience clear—
Clear as the crystal pools where pebbles bright
Lie, all illumined by the noonday light,
Like happy thoughts of little children dear,
Beneath the Heavenly Father's loving eye,
Under the pure blue water and blue sky.

1889.

II.

A GREAT grey rock sloping to the blue loch,—
All round us a wild copse of thorn and oak,
Hazel and briar. Nature's mighty stroke
Had hurled from mountain top, in some great
shock
Of winter storm, a huge grey granite block,
Now dressed by gentle time in mosses green,
And lichens—silver grey and golden sheen—
And crowned by dazzling quartz—the massive
rock
Stood by the copse, and round its base had crept
Rushes and bracken ; up its side had climbed
Long sprays of honeysuckle that had timed
Its blossoming for us—all nature slept
On that sweet autumn afternoon, and we
Sat in the golden sunlight reverently.

1889.

THE BEACON LIGHT.

“For men must work and women must weep.”

THE fire burned bright in the cliff-side cot,
And a light in the casement stood ;
And a savoury smell from the steaming pot
Told that supper was ready and good.

But Mary trimmed ever the casement light,
And thought not of fire or food ;
And pretty young Ruth sighed often that night,
And tears in her sweet eyes stood.

And the silence was long and the words were few,
And sometimes sweet Ruth would say,
“ I think that the storm be less wild—don’t you,
Dear mother? ”—she answered “ Nay ! ”

For the storm rose higher, and ever higher,
And the roar on the silence gained ;
And the rain hissed fast in the glowing fire,
And the long night waxed and waned.

And still Ruth whispered, "Less wild it be—
'Tis blowing with bated might ;"
"Pray Heaven the *Foam* keep out at sea !"
Sighed Mary, and trimmed her light.

And Mary and Ruth prayed in grief and care
For the two in the *Foam* that wrought ;
But "Father" came first in the wife's sad prayer,
And "Reuben" in Ruth's shy thought.

Ere the Sabbath morn rose black as night
The wreck-bell tolled from the tower,
But Mary lingered to trim her light,
While Ruth hurried down to the shore.

For the dismal clang told the country round
Of a ship on the rocks in the deep,
And the villagers, scared with the ominous sound,
Came hurrying down the steep.

And the grim black rocks, and the mighty surf,
Turned many a bluff face pale,
In the crowd that sat huddled upon the turf
When the dim dawn told its tale.

But never a soul was upon the wreck,
And never a cry was heard ;
A sea must have broken across the deck
With the swoop of a mighty bird.

When the sun came up like a ball of fire
Its disc showed one black spot,
And a hope, that was born of keen desire,
To the heart of the poor wife shot.

That small black spot was her husband's smack ;
He had seen that well-known light ;
It told of the breakers and warned him back
From a fruitless and fatal fight.

When the storm had passed, and the welcome lull
Brought husband and lover home,
The poor ship floated, a shattered hull,
But the crew were safe in the *Foam*.

LLANGOLLEN, 1886.

THE DERBYSHIRE FLYMAN'S STORY.

AT Buxton, by the broad, green slopes 'twixt
the lower town and the higher,

On the steep roadside beneath the trees, stand
carriages for hire.

There—one fair morning in lovely May, when
summer seemed close at hand—

A driver sat on his carriage-box, the first upon the
stand.

We liked his sunburnt, pleasant face, and we liked
his brave little horse,

And they seemed to like us,—so an easy bargain
was simply a matter of course.

He did not disappoint our hopes, and he knew
the road right well,

And the sad and merry traditions of the places
we passed could tell.

But he loved far best, 'twas very clear, the stories
that were most gay ;
And the air with the tone of his jolly voice rang
loud as we wended our way.
It lay among scenes as varied as a summer's day
can show,—
Passing from frowning gorges to meadows with
flowers aglow ;
From cloud-clad cliffs, like a series of battlemented
towers
Draped with the solemn cypress and heavy with
ivy flowers,
To gently sloping woodlands, all blue with the
hyacinth bell ;
And the river, where banks of forget-me-nots filled
the fairy-like dell ;
From moors—a wild chaos of boulders, of a grey
and golden hue—
To a vale that lay far, far below, and that stretched
away to the blue.

But the heart lingered longest about one spot, a
pastoral homely scene,
Where an ancient farmstead nestled down amongst
sycamores massive and green,
And high thorn hedges that shook white showers of
petals to the breeze,
Where stacks, and barns with lichen'd roofs,
peep'd out amongst the trees ;
The smell of the wallflowers filled the air from the
garden—old-fashioned and trim,
With its gooseberry-bushes flanking the flowers,
and yews fantastic and grim.
'Twas here our good driver checked his horse, and
the smiles his strong face forsook,
And he turned right round on his carriage-box,
and his eyes had a solemn look.
Eh, but it wasn't like this, he said, when I wor'
'ere one night,
The snow were deep upo' ground, and there
warn't a speck o' light.

I'd been to York, at week afore, to see my mother
die,

And t' poor thing made me promise that i'
Booxton she should lie.

So t' day before the funeral I borrowed a spring
cart,

And I put my own 'orse into t' shafts, and we
made a hearly start.

Twere four o'clock—but I tell you what, 'twere
four o'clock twice o'er

Afore I drew up by t' gleam o' the fire, under my
own backdoor,—

But I'm tellin' a lie, for you may depend I 'adn't
no need to draw.

But I'm gettin' on a deal too fast. It's a real 'eart-
breaking road,

And t' further 'at we went, it seemed the distance
fairly growed ;

And it snowed the 'ole o' that blessed morn—eh,
'ow it did come down !

And all upo' t' near side—t' old 'orse 'e looked like
a circus clown ;

'Twere laughable to see him—'alf a great big
ball o' snow,

And t'other 'alf a little brown 'orse—but in good
condition, yer know.

But 'owever, we gotten to Sheffield at t' last, to t'
sign o' the “ Knife and Fork,”

But I 'adn't a while to use 'em much, as I'd got to
get on to York ;

And I felt myself lucky to catch t' right train, for
I'd said I'd get 'ome that night ;

And my missus were young i' those days, poor
thing, and apt to get in a fright.

Well, my mother's coffin it looked that lonely, my
'eart it was fairly broke ;

Neither kith nor kin to 'er now but me—though
the neighbours was kindly spoke,

And they lent a hand to the station yard, and the
loan of a decentish pall,

For I couldn't afford no more nor a truck, and t'
snow were commencin' to fall.

Well, at Sheffield I got me a bit and a sup, and by
ten we'd gotten away ;

I'd 'a' stopped all night, for weather *were* wild, but
my mother she'd used to say

As Sheffield were what 'er could never abide ; and
I couldn't find i' my 'eart

To keep 'er there agen 'er will, when 'er couldn't
take 'er own part.

When t' moors was passed and Baslow too, and
we'd gotten to this 'ere spot,

Thinks I, "I'll let Bob breathe a bit," so I
stopped, and down I got ;

And I thought I'd 'ave a bit of a smoke, but my
'ands was both that stiff

I could hardly get at my baccy-box, though I
sorely wanted a whiff.

'Owever, I found it at last all right, and I found
the matches too,

But they wouldn't keep light, and I couldn't think
whatever I should do.

The wind were rough, and I drew my coat—my
macintosh, 'owever—

Around, and tried to coax a light ; but I never got
one, never.

And, see yer, I got behind yon post—yon gate-
post, see yer, there ;

Yon great stone post afore the 'ouse—but t' wind
were everywhere.

Eh, 'twere that dark, and t' wind that cold, and t
snow so hawful deep,

If it 'ad no' been my own old mother 'at was
there i' her coffin asleep

I dew believe I'd 'a left them all just where they
was, and fled ;

But she'd suffered a deal for me, poor thing, and
now, poor soul, she were dead !

Well, I knocked at that door, but they didn't 'ear
—leastways, they didn't let on,

So we started again, but Bob, poor beast, 'is sperit
were well-nigh gone ;

For we'd done over twenty-eight mile i' t' morn,
and sixteen more to this ;

And it's my op-pinion as coffin boards is 'eaviest
boards there is ;

But there—'twas my mother ; " I wish," she says,
" to lie i' Booxton yard "—

And if 'er own son couldn't give 'er 'er wish, I
think it be very 'ard.

So we at it once more, and i' Ashford town I
tried again for my pipe,

But I tried i' vain ; they were all in bed, and I
went without smoke or swipe.

And then we'd to breast the Ashford brow, and up
past Taddin'ton Church,

And, at after all, I really thought I mun 'ave to
leave them i' t' lurch ;

But we got to t' top—and, as long as I live, may
I ne'er 'ave to do the like.

The level bit were none so bad—nor yet down
Topley Pike—

But, eh, the drag right up the Dale—I wondered
Bob 'adn't died.

And the brow at 'ome ! When I saw the missus
I fairly sat and cried.

She thought it wer t' loss of poor old mother, and
I couldn't for shame tell t' truth.

Well, I laid 'er next day i' the old Churchyard,
where my father were laid i' their youth.

WELLWOOD ROW.

A GHOST STORY IN VERSE.

IF to the wilds of Yorkshire you should go,
 Near to Scarhatton, ask for Wellwood Row ;
 Ask in a whisper, for the rustic crowd
 Would lose their sleep if you should speak aloud.
 No one will guide you, so be there by noon,
 And mark the way that you may reach home soon ;
 Take a stout heart, or do not go at all,
 For such a sight the bravest would appal ;
 This much direction—now, for what you'll see,
 And you may give your full belief to me,
 For I have seen it, and have talked with those
 'Tis said could name the murderers if they chose.
 Three miles before you reach the awful scene
 The turnpike road itself is nearly green,
 Avoided by the people of the place,
 Save by a few abounding rich in grace ;

For time, which smooths most ghostly legends o'er,
Does but confirm this fearful tale the more.
Go on awhile, and notice as you pass
Th' increasing thickness of the tall rank grass,
Encroaching on the roadway, then all over,
Save for the foot-tracks of the hardy drover.
Turn by the left—that is the Wellwood Row,
A lovely place, most beautiful to know ;
Four miles it measures, and from end to end
Straight as an arrow, save for one sharp bend ;
Smooth as a lawn and fifty paces wide,
Four rows of beeches, two on either side,
The trees, alternate, two long zigzags make,
Amplly apart their perfect form to take ;
A mouldering fence of twisted larchen pole
Has left its impress deep within each bole.
Steeply the alley slopes towards the west,
Where the rich landscape, variously drest,
Rises towards the mountains—groups of trees
In summer green, unruffled by a breeze.

Cool hollows and warm hills, and dingle deep,
Where waterfalls may take their summer sleep ;
Wood-sheltered fields, sequestered little glades,
Broad sunny pastures, and dark forest shades,
And far beyond a ridge of lofty hills,
Seen dimly through the heat, the distance fills ;
But knowing what's to come you'll scarcely stay
To mark the matchless beauty of the way ;
Now at the bottom of the steep hillside,
The Row sweeps north with ample curve and wide,
But still descending in the narrowing glen,
Seems ever farther from the homes of men.
Trees—only trees—stretch up on either hand,
An unbroken forest on before they stand,
And, far as eye can reach, the wooded hill
Shuts in the alley broad and grand and still.
Some timid sheep move noiseless down the Row,
And velvet softness on the turf bestow ;
No other life attracts the eye or ear ;
Hot summer's mid-day silence reigneth here,

More awful than the night's accustomed fear,
And whispers to the soul of mysteries near.
With rapid steps and trembling heart you tread
Quickly along to see the ghostly dead,
And wish most fervently your feet could sound
With busy tread upon the noiseless ground ;
You cast a nervous glance on every side,
And feel a ghost yourself as on you glide ;
Or looking back the interminable glade—
Hopeless of rescue—seems for horrors made.
Down in the deepest bottom of the wood
The road is lost beneath a shallow flood
That glistens in the summer's noonday rays,
Amidst the forest depths a golden blaze.
Endless the distance seems to this bright spot,
And twenty times you ask,—to go or not ?
Half-turning back to leave the thing undone,
Yet vaguely fearful that the ghosts can run.
So down the noiseless avenue, with eyes
By fear dilated, twice the usual size, .

Wiping the drops of terror from your face,
And hastening at each step your nervous pace,
You move so quickly that the fatal well
Is reached in less time than you like to tell ;
You see it on your right beneath the trees,
Hiding away from cheerful sun and breeze.
Two giant flags, reared up by Yorkshire strength,
Support for roof a third of giant length ;
And in the evening, in the gathering gloom,
The ponderous mass must seem a mighty tomb.
An exhaustless stream of icy water fills
This deep dark well and overflows the sills ;
Now, though you have been told what happens here,
Thirst for a time may drive away your fear,
And make the water seem a welcome prize,
So you could drink yet not withdraw your eyes ;
Your fear destroys the charm of rippling sound,
You curse the stream and glance in haste around ;
Conquered by thirst you stoop at length to drink,
Your eyes are level with the water's brink.

You part your lips, and taste the fatal well—
Ah, that is it ! that draught invoked the spell.
What breaks the surface that but now was still,
And sends the water surging o'er the sill ?
Ah, what is that you follow with your eyes,
Slow sinking, sinking, never more to rise ?
A manly form, the face scarce touched by age,
Noble in death, but strong for pilgrimage ;
Scarce is it lost within the deep, deep pool,
Scarce have you shunned aghast the waters cool,
With horror filled, you seek in vain to fly,
Or close your eyes against the mystery,
When slow, once more, the waters rise and fill,
And pour a second wave across the sill.
Unable to resist the fatal spell
You stoop again to pierce the unfathomed well,
And now a girl's sweet face of marble white,
Steadfast and brave, as thinking death but night,
With golden locks, more loth than she to die,
Sinks slowly down beyond your straining eye.

Confused with fear and vague desire to save
That mournful face of beauty from a grave
So deep, so cold, so far from the blue sky,
From all that should have been its destiny,
You hasten from the well, look up the Row,
And for awhile relax the anxious brow,
For help is here, and life instead of death.
So, first, it seems, but listen, hold your breath—
How is it that so brave a carriage makes
No sound at all nor perfect silence breaks?
Still on it comes, by prancing horses drawn,
Four splendid greys that scarcely touch the lawn;
An iron-handed coachman holds the reins,
And easily their eagerness restrains;
His livery is silver and dark blue,
His hat three-cornered, o'er a powdered cue,
His hose grey silk with buckles at the knee,
Two footmen stand behind dressed just as he.
The coach, half glass, is rich with brown and gold,
And hammercloth of many an ample fold

For such an equipage to approach unheard,
And leave the very air itself unstirred,
To hear no harness creak, no rattling noise,
No tramp of horses and no human voice,
Is very strange—and back you sink with fear
To let the ghostly thing pass not too near ;
And as it comes it thrills you through and through
That neither coach nor horses hide the view.
Who sit within so noble and so gay ?
A high-born gentleman, nor young nor old,
And a fair girl with locks of shining gold.
How beautiful she is ! and dressed as none
Can dress save those whose high descent is won
From ancestors ennobled by mankind
For deeds of valour or for grace of mind ;
None else such taste to little trifles bring,
And round the least transforming beauty fling—
Vague dreamy silks and floating lace and
flowers,
Simple and few and fresh from her own bowers ;

And near her golden hair, to add new grace,
Ribbons of heaven's azure blue you trace ;
These make her dress, and to her father's
thought

A fairer creature might in vain be sought.
She seems to speak with gay but eager tone,
As if her thoughts are told to him alone,
Yet losing nothing of the scene around,
Observing every beauty, every sound.
His hat is off, and you can catch his smile
Of love unbounded at her winning wile ;
How much they love, you see it in their eyes,
Deep happy love and safe from all surprise.

Oh let me pause before I tell the close—
Why should so sad a fate attend on those
Whose earthly happiness has least alloy,
Whose very presence yields the fairest joy ?

In the mid-stream the coachman draws the rein
Where signs of struggling will be sought in vain.

The three spring quickly down into the stream,
Two guard the doors, while one holds fast the
team.

Scarce is this done, than from behind the well,
Steps a pale villain as his looks may tell ;
Surprise and sorrow fill the Baron's face,
But wonted hospitality has place,
And with a courteous smile of friendly glow,
He welcomes his base nephew to the Row.
The liveried wretches wait this man's commands,
Who in a moment's doubt uncertain stands,
Then the deep malice gathering in his eye,
Warns his unhappy victims they must die.
One glance of anguished love and fear they cast
Upon each other—ah, it was their last !
Oh, close your eyes—for phantoms tho' they be,
Reality is scarce more sad to see.

In less time than it takes me now to tell,
They sink in the unfathomable well ;

The phantom servants, altered in their mood,
Drive sullen home—their chief regains the wood.
The Baron and his child came home no more ;
The nephew all the Wellwood honours bore ;
The vengeance of rejected love he won,
The fortune too—but all desire was gone ;
For late he found his purchase all too dear,
And payment—never ended—deathless fear.

BEAUMARIS, 1864.

“WAGGA WAGGA.”

MY song, Wagga Wagga, your friends will
approve,

For I sing of your cleverness, conscience, and love,
Of your faithful affection, your patience in trial,
In words that admit of no truthful denial.

And, first, of your cleverness, dear little dog,
I have seen you go hunting about for a log,
If you wanted to scan the far distance, and found
That your own little height was too near to the
ground.

Then you jumped on the trunk of the tree you
discovered,

Your sharp little eyes o'er the thick bracken hovered,
Till you saw that your search would prove fruitless
and barren,

Or spied a poor rabbit *en route* for his warren.

And then your sweet patience, which naught could
amend,

You would watch from a window for hours for a
friend,

Or hungry to paleness—if dogs *can* be pale?

When your supper proved sour you uttered no
wail.

How tender your conscience, no Christian has
more,

You wanted your dinner, aye, wanted it sore;

But the easel was there, though the sketcher was
gone,

And worlds would not tempt you to leave it
alone.

All things, save one only, dear Waggs, you could
stand,

To be washed, brushed, and combed by your
mistress's hand,

And you bit, but that brought out your moral
perfection,
For your sin was avenged by your lifelong
dejection.

No, blameless you were not, but better, far better,
You conquered yourself, and your mistress was
debtor,
For faithful devotion, that, all undiminished,
You gave her, till death the sweet friendship had
finished.

NEW FOREST, 1889.

EPITAPH ON A SKYE TERRIER.

HERE lies the tiny body of old Pup,
 So thin and worn with age that doubtless he,
 With joy, a larger life has taken up,
 And wider powers for all eternity.

If Faith, Hope, Charity, these three ensure
 A blissful future in the Heaven of God,
 To Pup's dear Faith and Love, unmixed and pure
 We'll add the "Hope" that lifts him from the
 sod.

More useful friends thy mistress daily finds,
 But none so close and constant at her call,
 And higher, holier love from loftier minds,
 But scarce a love that crowns her *all in all*.

Ah ! dearest little Pup, such love as thine,
 So undivided, absolute and deep—
 Rare in thy race—impossible in mine—
 Hath won the rest of the beloved—sleep.

EPSOM, 1878

SONG.

AS we stand in the moonlight they ask me
to sing,

For I laugh, and talk nonsense as if I were
gay,

And they think (and why shouldn't they) surely I
bring

A heart that can echo the words that I say.

But though youth has not left me, nor cheerfulness
waned,

Yet the background of thought has been
shadowed so long,

And so long since the source of true merriment
drained,

That my voice cannot find its old courage for
song.

For my songs are all old, and their notes take me
back

To a group of fair hearers, with smooth girlish
brow,

When my voice the clear sweetness of youth
didn't lack,

Nor their eyes the sweet wonder few give to
it now.

And then, too, my children keep wandering away,
And my eyes seek the places where once they
would throng,

And the blanks which bring only a dulness by day,
Brings aching heart sickness when evening
brings song.

The gayest are saddest—the fountain of tears
Is deepest in eyes the most sunny and bright,
As in Nature, the meadow that greenest appears,
Is the one where the springs gush the strongest
in might.

PLAS EIFL, *June*, 1866.

NEAR THORNTON HALL, INGLETON.

HERE all alone I stand, dejection strange
 Haunts e'en the fairest scenes of this fair
 world.

Fresh from the valley comes the joyous laugh
 Of children dear, a wife of richest love
 Awaits me by the hearth, and all goes well,
 And yet I am so sad ! The summer trees
 That fill the valley with luxuriant green
 Stand moveless in the dusk and seem to say,
 " Alas, how soon the summer will be gone ! "
 The distant moors—illimitable wastes—
 Mourn 'neath the heavy gloom of leaden clouds,
 And speak of strange, unhomelike solitudes,
 And the secluded glen where beauty might
 Be sheltered and a home might nestle warm,
 Surrounded by well-known and well-loved sights,
 Is girded still by hills that lead our eyes

Up to the desolate and lonely ridge,
And heights removed from human interests.
And yet this is not all—this is not why
The mournful fit steals on me—'tis because
All these remind us how we change ourselves,
And soon may die, or those we love may die ;
That we but hold our loved ones by a thread,
Which aught—e'en we ourselves perchance—may
snap,

That all the love we cherish, every joy,
But multiplies the chances of our grief ;
That the sad end is but at best removed,
We must leave them or else remain bereft.
Sad, too—Ah ! sad to sickness is the thought,
That though so many are left, so many are gone,
Needed to make the magic circle up
Of those we love—dead friends who, when they
rise

Before the solemn thought of memory,
So rouse the smouldering love, the ancient grief,

That we creep silently with breaking heart
Into some solitude, and wonder how
We live without them, and pour out our woe.
And friends far off we never shall see more,
Friends of our childhood who shared all our joys
And sorrows with us, close bound up with
thoughts
Of strange delight we cannot speak of now:
And worse, still worse, the friends that are
estranged,
Ah, sad ! How few of all we love are near,
How very few shall kiss us when we die.

July, 1862.

LINES

TO THE REV. RICHARD WHITE, VICAR OF
LITLINGTON, SUSSEX.

I WAITED in a village church one day,
For morning service—'twas amongst the
Downs

Of lonely Sussex—far from men and towns,
And any scene more perfect, one might say

England had none. Rich meadows stretched afar,
Golden with buttercups, alive with herds
Of gentle cattle ; and Spring's joyous birds
Sang in the giant elms. Through the south door

I saw the hills, steep as a Yorkshire fell,
Shut in the vale ; the river laved their feet ;
The wooded uplands rose and fell to meet
The rolling Downs. But, hark, the tinkling bell

Has ceased its modest call, the vestry door
Opens, a gentle, white-haired man comes forth.
Life's truest value and religious worth
Are known to him, if I may judge before

I hear his voice. The morning prayers begin ;
Thoughtful refinement, loving sympathy,
And cheerful resignation, speak to me
In his low, gentle tones, and quickly win

My veneration. Why do his worn looks
Make me so sad ? He seems so lonely here ;
So few his hearers, and e'en those few mere
Unlettered minds. Surely in his loved books

Alone he finds companionship to dwell.
No ritual, no choir, no organ, naught
That has from north to south in England
wrought
The teaching of the Church to aid so well.

No lofty pillars in majestic rows,
 No fretted roof, nor azure ceiling bright ;
 Save for the rich solemnity of light,
 No adventitious aid its presence shows.

My heart was filled with sorrow, deep and rare.
 This man of thought, refinement, culture,
 power
 Without an equal ! Truly here a flower
 "Wasting its sweetness on the desert air."

But as in later days I came to know
 The village folk—their fellowship, their love,
 Their honesty, their faith, all helped to prove
 The value of their Pastor's work ; the glow

Of pleasure on each simple, homely face
 As he approached ; their close attention when
 He read his sermon—not beyond their ken,
 With thoughtful earnest voice of lowly grace.

Could, then, his life to better work be given
Than that of rousing in these simple folk
Courage and will to bear their Saviour's yoke,
Love for His love, and faith and hope for Heaven?

What happier fate than here to live and die,
With gentle Nature and his best beloved,
And when the day shall come to be removed
With his own flock and 'neath these elms to lie?

1888.

SONNET TO MADAME DE BONNEVAL.

(After reading Lady Georgiana Fullerton's Memoir.)

WITH every charm that circumstance can
 give,
 High birth and culture, wealth and grace and
 youth,
 With love that only can in others live,
 And gentle patience, save at outraged truth ;
 With hope by sweet humility subdued
 And holy reverence nothing could destroy,
 Divine forbearance, childlike gratitude,
 She seemed a creature only made for joy.
 For one brief hour she testified that earth
 May yet hold Heaven when least of Heaven
 seems there ;
 But while her joy yet trembled in its birth,
 The shadow reached it of a coming care,
 So near her God, her spirit pure He kept
 For *heavenly* bliss naught less shall intercept.

September, 1865.

SONNET TO COLONEL — AND HIS
DAUGHTER.

LIKEST to God of all things that we know,
 Earthly or heavenly, is a parent's love,
 Yet to our partial eyes not Heaven above
 Aught more divine than filial love can show ;
 And earth's perfection can no further go,
 Than when revealed by a mutual tie ;—
 When hand in hand and eye that watches eye
 With anxious, joyful love—for love below
 Must still be both ; but this shall ever grow,
 And that shall fade before the love divine—
 Parent and child with equal love shall shine.
 Their tears together fall, their laughter flow.
 Such thoughts, sweet maid, are mine, when my
 eyes rest,
 On thee and on thy father—both are blessed.

SONNET TO —.

WHEN years grew many, and swift thought
waxed dull,

And vivid life had vanished like a cloud,

There dawned for us the light of eyes—heaven-
browed—

With gentle beauty bright, with genius full,

Swift to command rich music, grave and gay,

To soothe sad thought or wake a brighter
mood—

With serious visions that on mercy brood,

Eager to save from sin's enticing way

The unhappy poor ; and soft with tender love,

Now sparkling with melodious laughter gay—

Now flashing indignation's scorching ray—

Now lost in thought, some theory to prove.

Would that her presence still might bless our days,

Her dear, sweet eyes still give us back our gaze.

EASTBOURNE, 1890.

SONNETS TO "MOLLY."

I.

WHAT do the old man's eyes seek wistfully
 At every turn? Why scan the passers-by,
 With friendly glance, yet disappointed eye,
 And then move onward with unconscious sigh?
 Ah! he remembers what he sought the while,
 And sighs because the little maid he loves
 He does not find, and fears, as on he moves,
 He may go home unblessed by her sweet smile.
 He seeks for Molly, Eastbourne's loveliest child,
 Whose smile ineffable from such sweet eyes
 No poet could express—no painter seize—
 Eyes full of human love, yet heavenly mild.
 Complexion all unmatched, and such bright hair,
 And sweetest mouth—was ever child so fair?

II.

THREE years the happy world has been
enriched

By her bright spirit, flashing from blue eyes,
And laughing in the merry tones that rise
In ripples musical, and gently pitched
In most melodious key—a child to love
With passionate devotion, and to clasp
Close to one's heart ; her little hand to grasp
With tender joy, and wondering how to prove
Worthy a visitation so divine ;
And longing that her little heart could know
Our love and reverent worship, and could go
On her sweet happy way, happy as mine,
Blessed with her smile, and that deep loving gaze,
A life, so late from heavenly love, betrays.

A PRICELESS LOAN.

WHEN God, with tenderness divine,
 Gave children to thy arms and mine,
 He made them frail as early flowers,
 And bade us count them not as ours.

“Take them,” He said, “but let them be
 As hostages for peace to thee,—
 Unclaimed till faith and love resign,
 With cheerful will, what still is Mine.”

Shall, then, a priceless loan like this
 Retard the hour that makes us His ?
 Shall we, rebellious to His throne,
 Refuse our love, to keep His loan ?

Does not His boon itself provide
 The means to draw us to His side ?
 Do not our powers wholly fail
 To guard and cherish things so frail ?

Our anxious yearning for their weal
Makes us in suppliance to Him kneel,
And pour out all our fears to One
Who is a "sure defence" alone.

We watch and strive with ceaseless care
To rear these flowers so frail and fair,
And yet they droop beneath our eyes,
And bid our cry for help arise.

And when no more is left at all,
Except to wait—most hard of all—
Our fainting strength sinks down oppressed
To lay its burden on His breast.

And if He spares, our chastened love
Shall give the praise to Him above ;
And if He takes, shall yield content
The priceless blessing that He lent.

A LULLABY :

FOR ROUSSEAU'S DREAM.

REST, my darling ! Sleep's refreshment
 Clothe thy little limbs with strength,
 Undisturbed and dreamless slumber
 Arm thee for day's restless length !
 How thy little hands clasped round me,
 Unrelaxèd yet by sleep,
 Turn thy mother's heart to Heaven,
 Grateful for a love so deep :
 Can she ask a greater blessing
 Than her little child to keep !

Sleep, my darling ! for to save thee
 From all touch of want and care,
 And to keep thy brow unclouded,
 Smooth as on thy pillow there ;
 And to watch thy loving glances,
 With no pain or sorrow fraught,
 Long and late thy father labours,
 Full of care and anxious thought,
 That for thee a joyful future
 From his present toil be wrought.

Sleep, then, darling, for while sleeping
Through the silent midnight hours,
Thoughts of thee, and for thy welfare,
Musings for thy good are ours.
What if toil lasts late, comes early
For the darling of our love,
What if half our labour faileth,
Unassisted from above,
If thy smile we may but kindle,
Or thy joyous laughter move?

Calmly yet thy years have passed,
Free from all that dims the eye,
Would that still thy parents' shelter
Might protect thee as they fly ;
But thy life is in the keeping
Of our heavenly Father's will.
And in humble faith we yield thee,
Trust and love our bosoms fill,
Blessings rich as those, my darling,
Bid all faithlessness be still.

Deeply as we sigh to save thee
From the pain God's plans may yield,
Deeper still our earnest longing
Thy unstained soul to shield.
Every hour our supplications
To His listening ear ascend,
That the fulness of His mercy
O'er our child he will extend,
That when death thine eyes hath sealed,
Heavenly light with theirs may blend.

Sleep, my darling, earth and heaven
Nightly guard thy sleep with love,
Love within thy parents' bosoms,
Strong, though weak to shield it prove.
Love from our Almighty Father,
Oft inscrutable, yet wise,
Drawing night's soft curtain round thee,
Bringing slumber to thine eyes,
And that first inspired thy mother
With the love that never dies.

AT TYDDYN HELEN.

THAT autumn eve here stood we, richly blest,
 My arm round thee, and greeted the
 young moon.

As following fast the sun into the west,
 She lighted the sweet eyes to close so soon;
 I pressed thee closer as I saw the veil
 Of pallid Death upon thy check, dear wife.
 'Twas but the moon's sad light, and thou wert well,
 And happy, my sweet love, and rich in life,
 But anxious years of watchful care for thee
 Had made me start at hints as shadowy.

Day dreariest of my life and sorest tried,
 One short clear day, and evening's curtain fell.
 The same young moon stole gently to thy side
 And robed thee in her death-like garments pale,
 And mournful shone till the last sigh was given,
 Then sank with thee to light thee home to
 Heaven.

BRYN RHEDYN.

THOUGHTLESS I passed the place where I
might see

Bryn Rhedyn for an instant through the trees,
And the whole day, for that forgetfulness,
Was dimmed with gloom I scarce believed could
be :

That glimpse for joy or pain is dear to me ;
Joy—for there passed the years with least
alloy—

There my sweet wife, fullest of radiant joy,
Blessed all about her most abundantly.
Pain—because there fell sorrow's first sad stroke,
For, breaking in upon our joy there, came
The beginning of the end ; the gladdening
flame

Of her bright self-devoted love, that woke
New life in all who shared her unwearying care,
Reserved for Heaven, first veiled its brightness
there.

LLANHAIRN, 1861.

CONFLICT.

WHEN, in the silent warfare of the soul,
With world or flesh or devil we have
striven,
And conquered in the strife, and yet 'tis given,
In that same hour, to drink afresh the bowl
Of sorrow ; 'tis that God our weakness knows,
And chastens not while trembling near His
throne,
But when, uplifted by His love, we own
The crown of thorns a glory on our brows ;—
And for this purpose further,—lest we hope
In this short sojourn, for the joy and peace
Which shall come only when this life shall
cease
If we endure till death and never stoop
To shun the hand that grieves to chasten more
Than needs to fit us for the heavenly shore.

“FEAR GOD.”

FRUITLESS, indeed, my faith I know,
But know it also deep and true,
For whether bitter sorrows come,
Or care's dull clouds conceal the view,
Above God's chastening hand I see
The tender eye that guides the stroke
To break the yoke of self and sin
And place there Jesus' lighter yoke.

Alike the numerous trifling cares
That fill the day with vexèd toil,
Alike the greatest griefs, when Death
Has made our dearest ones his spoil ;
No rebel thoughts long stir within,
Nor murmuring discontent suggest ;
One thought of God restores my love
And lays my impatient will to rest.

If but my love were measured by
My deep faith in God's love for me,
My slow obedience would leap up,
And toil would ask no boundary ;
A Father in my God I own,
Of tender pity, slow to wrath,
Who sorrows when I quit the way
And leads me gently to the path.

Rather too little than too much,
The fear of God restrains my will ;
Indignant justice I forget—
Patience and love His image fill ;
Let me no more that love refuse,
Nor that long-suffering patience try,
That I may want no place in Heaven
A God of justice must deny.

DAWN.

STILL quiet dawn, but full of eager life,
If but the sun shine warmly on our strife ;
But what, when friendly curtains are withdrawn,
If fog and rain-clouds veil a dreary dawn ?

What then ? We surely have not yet to learn
That clouds their beauteous silver linings turn
To patient eyes ; and even gold display,
As the sun's glory nears the meridian day.

The patient, loving soul needs no bright dawn
To hope for evening bright from gloomy morn,
But if the sun all day cheers not his sight
He sinks to sleep in hope for morning bright.

LIFE.

L IKE rivers pure as crystal at their source,
Shallow, but joyous and all undefiled,
Leaping from rock to rock in nature wild—
Such is the happy childhood of man's course ;
Till to the unromantic level plains,
Where the world's work is done, silent they
glide,
No longer crystal, but more deep and wide,
Gathering, alas ! in cities some foul stains ;
Yet left again with Nature for a space,
Quickly the gross defilement they reject,
And, clear once more, the smile or frown reflect
That brightens or obscures blue Heaven's face ;
Till, lost at last in the eternal sea,
They gain one common depth of purity.

1859.

TO MIRA.

*On her Thirtieth Birthday Anniversary. Written on the
back of a Sketch of Carnarvon Bay behind Plas Eifl.*

HERE Harry, Dick and Grindal played with
you,

While Edward sauntered by in talk with
Kate,

And here you brought your baby sister new,

Who came when our child days were growing
late.

Aunt Henny, when the summer sea was warm,

And dear old Ellen Jones and Kate and you

Bathed here, and watched in the green waters
calm

The floating weeds that on the boulders grew.

Here on the sand the croquet balls would roll,
While you would tremble, and "old Fisher"
rage ;
And here I pondered verses in my stroll,
While the sweet scene would "Mother's" brush
engage.

Hence, dear, your father pointed o'er the bay
There to the left, to where, one winter's day,
Your mother—now with God—gave you to him,
A light of love within that chamber dim.

Aye, she is gone ; but to her vacant place
Another came, whose sweet and gentle face
Has grown to be the mother's face to you,
With love so thoughtful, faithful, earnest, true.

Her loving hand has sketched this favourite spot,
So, when you read these lines, forget her not.

CARNARVONSHIRE, 1885.

TO JOSEPHINE.

SHE says I have written no sonnets to her,
To hand down her name to all time,
And sternly, and solemnly, she doth aver
I must honour it now with a rhyme.

I fear 'tis too true—for I cannot recall
Such verses as she has desired ;
But some of my scribblings, at least, if not all,
Have been by her presence inspired.

Take the one that I wrote as she sat by my side
On our very last journey of all ;
Or the one when I stood near the inflowing tide,
Till betrayed by my feet to a fall.

Or the one that I conned on the old Charlston
road,

Till her dearly-loved figure approached ;
Or the one I began near our humble abode
When the claims of her brothers encroached.

Fear nothing, my darling, my love never trips,
Though your name no poor sonnets supply.
While I live, 'twill be almost the first on my lips,
'Twill be almost the last when I die.

1888.

SONNET.

AS the warm sun upon the summer woods
Does but increase its silence and its shade,
Thoughts of his love her silence deeper made,
And her mind wandered in a pensive mood.
And, like the dazzling gleams of brilliant light
That penetrate the darkest forest gloom,
Smiles of rich gladness on her face would come,
Revealing sunshine when we thought t'was night.
And as the trees, in God's mysterious way,
Gain strength and beauty from the summer sun,
So shall her soul to greater heights be won
By the warm influence of love's summer day.
Smiles well may shine, or silence, born of bliss,
Give grateful shade where love so fervent is.

1861.

H

SONNET.

WHILST you, sweet love, worn with too
early care,
Sat mournful by a nameless woe subdued,
And youth and hope, fading in distance, viewed,
And felt life settling to a calm despair ;
And while I, dearest, dreaming not of thee,
Knelt far away and watched the ebbing tide
Of that dear life (the wave, methought, beside,
Bore on its bosom all earth's joys for me),
The all-pitying Father, tenderer than our thought,
Nurtured within the very woes we wept
The blessing that dispelled them ; for, except
Our lives were with unusual sorrow fraught,
Thou hadst not looked to me, nor I to thee,
For power to comfort, and for sympathy.

1867.

TO MY WIFE.

WHY mar the future with a veil of fear,
 Why seek with anxious glance for
 every ill?

The days of loveliest beauty in the year
 Are when the shadows float upon the hill.

True, if thou look'st behind, the passing storms
 Are black, though lit with momentary glare ;
 But look above, the cloudlet's flying forms
 Tell thee the wind no longer blows from there.

The clouds are light, and gilded by the sun,
 The shade and shelter of rich love are thine ;
 It helps thy weakness while a hill is won,
 And shares thy rest when strength and power
 decline.

1862.

H 2

Do not thy deepest cares bear richest fruit,
Thy children's virtues blossom from thy toil ?
Their smiles and happiness are thy pursuit,
And thy reward no chance mistake can spoil.

And if the streams of life but feebly flow
In him thou lovest best, let this atone ;
His love shall evermore dependent grow,
He leans on thee, while strong men walk alone.

Ah, yes, dear love, believe me all is well,
God gives us strength or shields us from the
harm.

Soon He shall all thy trembling fears dispel,
And lay His choicest gift within thy arm.

SONNETS: IN MEMORIAM.

I.

O H, to recall the days when on the road
That led me, cheerful or depressed, towards
home,

My little timid son was wont to come
Within my view, not far from my abode.
On seeing me his eager joy he curbed,
Uncertain of my mood. He peeled his stick
With anxious mien, while casting glances quick
To learn my humour. If I seemed disturbed
As I drew near, he loitered by my side,
A thought behind, and looked intent on work ;
But if I smiled—then, with a sudden jerk,
His stick flew far, and such a whelming tide
Of love burst forth, in smiles and misty tears,
And pressure of his loving little hand, and eager
confidence of hopes and fears.

LUDLOW, *May*, 1877.

II.

O H, that we did not fail so oft to find
God's angels in our children ! How our
eyes

Are holden, while we deem that we are wise,
Whereas we are but very dull and blind.

For what are trifling faults—a noisy tone,
A broken platter, or a missing hat ?

Can we not foster love so passionate,
Yet gently chide ? Alas, why be so prone
To silence lips so loving, or to make

The little heart, e'en for a moment, ache—
Because our nerves are jarred ? How soon we
lose

Perception of the treasure of its love !

Shock our fastidious sense, and we refuse

The love that fills the little heart with joy,—the
solace that could half our griefs remove.

LUDLOW, 1877.

MADNESS.

THOUGH want should come, and children
die,

And early friends withdraw their trust,
And every circumstance beside
Unite to crush me to the dust,

Yet Thee, O Father, while I have,
To pity, cheer, and comfort still,
No other blessing will I crave,
But rest in doing all Thy will.

One thing protect me from, O God—
And agony wrings out the prayer—
Leave but my reason on her throne,
Untouched by sorrow or despair.

But if Thy unerring wisdom sees
This, too, must go, for some great end,
O make the dreadful chastening short,
And Death's kind pitying angel send.

JUNE, 1859.

“IT IS GOOD FOR US TO BE HERE.”

After hearing a Sermon preached by Rev. J. H. Thom.

“GOOD for us to be here ;” yes, if the strife
End not in weary discontent with life ;

If, sad our lot, we do not let the gloom
Gather and deepen to the silent tomb.

“Good to be here ;” but not if, day by day,
Care sours our hearts and steals our smiles away ;
Not if the voice that once ’twas joy to hear,
Less and less sweet should sound in love’s keen
ear ;

Not if the tear, once ready at the call
Of sorrow, learns, in hardness, not to fall ;
Not if the merry laugh, which dried the tears
Of childhood, and dispersed its nameless fears,
Should lose the tones that lent it all its grace,
And put a bitter harshness in its place ;

But "good to have been here," if care and pain
Softened and fertilise, like latter rain,
And teach the smile, once born of youth and
 health,
How to dispense *at will* its treasured wealth.
If sorrow and the frequent hand of death
Embitter not the life ; if still the breath
Comes fresh and fragrant, and the pulse still beats
As strongly as of old when want repeats
Her tale of misery ; if we be content,
And even gay, when not much joy is sent,
If only *God* be pleased ; if we look up
With faith unshaken and with cheerful hope
For our sweet rest ; then, then we need not fear
Whether it has been good to have been here.

SONNET.

*Written in View of a point on the Sussex Downs called
"High and Over."*

ONLY last May, beauty and joy were here
Together. Now sweet May has sadness
brought,

Yet surely Earth the hue of Heaven has caught,
And holds for us its bright reflection clear—

In form and colour, in harmonious sound,

In warmth and light and in the perfumed air,

So sweet a Spring, so subtle and so rare,

And only breathed in country depths profound.

Nothing seems wanting to this day of bliss,

And yet my eyes can find no single spot

Where saddest of sad memories are not—

Memories of a dear one whom we miss.

Last May she climbed these hills, lay on this
grass,

Shared this sweet peace—for the last time, alas !

LITLINGTON, 1888.

IN BERWICK CHURCHYARD, SUSSEX.

IN MEMORIAM—W. C. R. AND E. S. R.

O H, that they rested here! beneath the shade
Of these great trees, and yet within the
light

That shines between their branches, where my
sight,

From this sweet vantage ground by Nature made,
Reaches to the blue sea. Were they but laid

Beneath the modest walls of this old church,

Where village children for the violets search,

And loving hands renew the flowers that fade

So sadly soon; then would those rolling Downs

O'ershadow their dear graves; and only sounds

Dear to our ears, float over their green mounds—

The clamorous rook, that sweeter songsters
drowns—

The thrush's song—the drowsy hum of bees—

The whisper of the night-wind in the trees.

1888.

EVENING.

WHY does each evening always seem my
last

And make me sad ? Because the sun has gone
Westward instead of south, and night begun,
And longer shadows on the turf are cast ?
No ! but because God's smile seems to have
passed ;

As when, at noonday, o'er my head clouds fly,
And my heart sinks till the dark shade goes by—
So the night seems to swallow, in its vast
Abyss, all warmth and brightness, and to blast
My hope. For warmth and light seem, on this
earth,

The expression of God's love, like joy and mirth ;
And, as they wane, I long to hold them fast.
When shall I feel the peace of veiled night,
As much the expression of God's love as light ?

EVENING HYMN.

WHEN all the troubled day is past,
The quiet chamber gained at last,
And conscience, slumbering before,
Awakens with the closing door,

We start to find how far away
We've wandered from our God all day,
And tears of shame and sorrow flow
To turn our triumph into woe.

The deep confession of the night,
The grateful praise at morning light,
How vain and profitless they seem,
Dispersed so soon by noonday's beam !

Careless from act to act we go,
Nor ever heed, what well we know,
That slightest thoughts and words must gain
God's deeper love, or cause Him pain.

Unfaithful to our vows to Him,
With truth and purity grown dim,
His priceless gift of words we waste
With sinful aim, or foolish haste.

Cheered by each rich "device of love,"
Through mercies undeserved we move,
Or, wearied, if we seek repose,
A thousand blessings round us close ;

Yet gratitude unfruitful lies,
And every moment, as it flies,
Bears this sad message to His throne,
"Our love is for ourselves alone."

Ah, deep despondence ! thus to find
Another day left all behind ;
And still no sign of victory trace,
No new-born virtue's added grace.

In mute despair we fear to meet
The constant strife and sure defeat ;
Our fainting souls new strength must win
To wage the incessant war with sin.

Then down before our God we sink,
Deep of His wondrous peace we drink,
And rise refreshed as none can be
Who bow not to the Lord the knee.

DERBY, 1853.

SONNET.

AND yet the sun, till even, is too hot,
The glare too great, and I rejoice and rest
In this cool, cloudy calm ; the trees are dressed
In early autumn brown, and this sweet spot
Is dotted o'er with the first fallen leaves,
Enough to rouse a gentle, softened grief
That summer, and the day, are growing brief,
But still hold much that happy fancy weaves.
Still there are many hours which I may pass
With those I love beneath the open sky,
Amongst the trees, and in the balmy air,
Or lying on the green and velvet grass,
Still insects buzz, and swallows wheel on high,
And all is lovely still beneath the sky.

BUXTON, 1893.

SONNET.

WHAT an unrivalled summer ! I go back
 Full fifty years, when I was still a boy !
 Such warmth and brightness is a daily joy :
 No luxury of weather do we lack.
 At early dawn, and in the dim late eve,
 The birds sing sweetly, from the grateful shade,
 By square and avenue's modest greenery made,
 And children's voices no sad silence leave.
 Still sweeter when the sun has sunk to rest,
 And tempered warmth and silence bring sweet
 peace,
 And daily cares and hurried turmoil cease,
 To watch the twilight on the hills' far crest
 Turn to a golden maize, and paint the scene
 In gorgeous tints—then fade to palest green.

EASTBOURNE, 1893.

A MEMORY.

I N the deep country and the silent night,
In lovely May, with scarcely fading light,
Windows wide open, and a gentle breeze
That murmurs as of sleep amongst the trees,
Wafting all country perfumes to our rooms,
Filling our dreams with every flower that blooms.
Or with shy birds—the nightingales that sing
Through half the night, or owls upon the wing
That cry to brother owls with longdrawn wails,
In cadence sad, as nightjar, when it sails,
With stealthy wing, unseen, along the ground,
Or rising to a distant hedge to sound
Its midnight rattle ; or from the long, ripe grass
The corncrake's double note makes the sweet
night in sweetest memories pass.

BUXTON, 1894.

II.

SUCH was a night, dear daughter, when we
came

Back to the simple, lovely, lonely home,
That you remember we were wont to come
To, loved Bryn Rhedyn (whose familiar name
Friends found to be so difficult and strange),
After long winters with grandparents spent,
A second home, but one that never lent
The full and rich delights of home ;—the change
That spring had made seemed great beyond belief.
The garden that we left so brown and bare,
Was crowded with luxuriance rich and rare ;
The naked trees were thick with summer leaf,
And grass so high, from which in fading light
Came corncrakes' notes to mark the summer
night.

THE YORKSHIRE WOLDS.

WHO shall tell as it ought to be told
Of the landscape all aglow,
In an August noon from a Yorkshire wold,
With the Vale of York below.

Not the rich woods in a russet green,
Nor the cornfields of amber brown,
Nor the purple moors that bounded the scene,
When the pale blue sky came down.

And not the freedom from human sound,
Nor the music of birds and bees,
Nor the nameless scent from the fields around,
Nor the solemn shade of the trees.

No—nor the roll of the world's fast tide,
As it rolls right up to the sky,
Nor its rolling steep to the valley wide,
Where the scattered hamlets lie.

Not one of them all could move our hearts
As our hearts were moved that morn ;
'Twas the *various* beauty God's love imparts
Their sum, of His goodness born.

'Twas the woods, and the vales, and the moors
and the sky,
And the sounds of the silence deep,
And the shade below, and the sun on high,
And the dizzy slopes so steep.

All earth seemed perfect that August day,
And the eye could never tire,
For once the heart seemed to have its way,
And all that it could desire.

I have often said, "Joy is not for me,"
No pleasure the future holds ;
If I faint, in days to come, I will flee,
In thought, to the Yorkshire wolds.

TO M. F. H., ON HER SISTER MARY'S
DEATH.

SEPTEMBER 7, 1891.

[Nothing can be more lovely than this day at the foot of the Yorkshire wolds. The sky is a deep blue, flecked by exquisite little white fleecy clouds that serve to chequer the broad valley and the slopes of the moors on the north, and the wolds on the south, with a perfect alternation of light and shade. As far as the eye can reach stretches the vale of the west, rising, in a very distant horizon, to a ridge of moorland, and varied by little villages, and farmhouses, and church spires, and yellow with the shocks of corn in every direction. To the south rise the steep and lovely wolds in curves of smooth hollows and rounded hills, and covered by cornfields, or pasture dotted with sheep and cattle ; and on the high ridge the teams draw along the corn wains or gleaning rakes, all looking like children's toys at that height and distance. Near is the tiny village of West Heslerton, with its modest church and picturesque rectory nestling in its great trees and ample grounds, and supported by its quaint and rambling outbuildings ; the rooks and wood-pigeons save the silence from being too oppressive, and the

light breeze tempers the sun's heat, and gently moves the cloud shadows from place to place. But sorrow comes everywhere, and Mary lies in the churchyard instead of moving about, the life of the old rectory.]

J. H.

THEY say "our little Maggy," do they know
How strong she is!—how full of love
divine ;

How with deep sympathy her heart can flow ;

Her eyes with loving adoration shine ?

No love for her can touch her like the love

That speaks to her devoted, grateful ears,

From those who know how Mary's voice can move

Their hearts to worship and their eyes to tears.

No longer only "ours" but her dear Lord's ;

Brave to endure and to support the while ;

With sorrow faint, to murmur hopeful words ;

Through swallowed tears with broken heart to
smile.

Watch her close tending at her sister's bed ;
 However sad, her spirit never quails ;
No duty too minute, no sight too dread,
 For love—"enduring all things" "never fails."

And so the heroic girl hears, step by step,
 The advancing tread of Death to claim the one
Sole sister of her home till the last sleep
 Closed the dear eyes, and left her all alone.

WEST HESLERTON, *Sept. 7, 1891.*

April 19, 1895.

[And now "our little Maggie" has followed her sister, after four years more of devotion to duty and in love for all dependent on her, and in patient resignation, through a lengthened illness, lies beside the sister she loved so well.]

FAITH.

Written in a Footpath, from West to East Heslerton.

OUR life is like a mountain side
 Upon a stormy day,
 Brightness a moment doth abide,
 And then away.

With its departure joy is gone !
 How shall we bear the years ?
 When, lo, again the merry sun
 Laughs at our fears.

Anon the thunder pealeth loud,
 But, looking far, our sight
 Catches, down sloping from black cloud,
 Bright rays of light.

They tell us that their dazzling lines
Come from a mighty store ;
That the benignant sun still shines
Bright as before.

Shake off the thought that joy again
Will surely never come ;
God ceaseless works that all our pain
Shall lead us home.

In agony and heavy grief,
And in the bitterest woe,
Come divine moments of relief
And love's warm glow.

The sun the brooding clouds may hide,
And God conceal His face ;
But the sun's warmth and light abide
And God's rich grace.

1889.

THE LITTLE GRAVE.

PITIFUL winter laid the deep, white snow
Softly upon our little new-made grave,
And so we left it sadly—sad to know
That spring would leave it bare—not make it
brave.

But when, at last, we came again to see
The place where we had left our boy with God,
Sweet summer flowers—the sweetest that there be,
Some loving hand had planted on the sod.

Then as the years went by the flowers grew few,
And weeds made haste to clothe our sacred
plot—
Not that the friends who loved him were less true,
Or the dear name upon the stone forgot,

But death and life alike bring change so fast,
That what *was* "home" is but a memory now ;
From those dear scenes the friends he loved had
passed
Upon their way, or else were laid below.

And now no hand the little grave revives,
The very weeds refuse the arid soil—
Dry, parched and brown,—one tree alone derives
All that it wants without the gardener's toil.

One rose-tree yieldeth still a lovely dower,
And drops its perfumed petals on *his* head :
And little birds, within its sheltering bower,
Will sit and sing to him in his low bed.

The dry, brown soil wrung forth our bitter words—
It *seemed* to tell of love grown cold and chill—
But the sweet roses and the songs of birds
Whispered that God was with our dear one still.

1886.

WINTER AND DEATH.

'TIS sad when summer bids the year adieu,
When trees put on the "sere and yellow
leaf,"

When birds are hushed and wild flowers are but
few,

And days are short, and blessèd sunshine brief.

When down the hedgerows weeds and grasses
droop,

That were but yesterday so strong and gay,
When wind and rain upon their weakness stoop
And lay them low in death and sad decay.

But wind and rain and cold and frost and snow
Prepare kind Nature's nursery for new life,
And in spring's beauty and the sun's warm glow
We lose all memory of winter strife.

For winter, like our life, is very short,
And at its worst, our hearth is cheered by friends,
And every gathering sign or spring is fraught
With brighter hope that in fulfilment ends.

And so 'tis sad when life gives place to death
In those we love far more than summer days ;
But no cold winter chills them with its breath,
Eternal spring shines forth with Heaven's bright
rays.

And the brief years, so brief and quickly past,
Do but half separate from our loved and lost,
Still their dear forms in memory are cast,
And for their gain *we* cannot count the cost.

So let us feel that winter is our friend,
And death a dearer friend, though in disguise ;
Each is the means of a most happy end,
From each new beauty and new life arise.

WEST HESLERTON, 1891.



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Hutton, John
Poems.

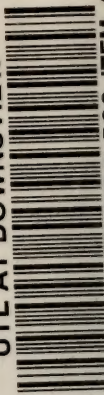
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